

Remember a love long lost

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Summary: Isabella has been a Volturi Guard for over ten centuries. She is strong, she is dangerous and she is beautiful; though Isabella's peaceful life is threatened when taken hostage by a strange Coven of yellow-eyed vampires who try and convince her she is not who she thinks. Now Bella is torn between what she has always known and what these strangers tell her. Who is she really?

1. Chapter 1

****Isabella's POV:****

* * *

><p>It had been some time since I had explored the depths of dungeons. Decades had passed since the last time I had been down here yet I found myself sauntering through the underground maze as if it had been only yesterday, and not the better half of a century.<p>

There had not truthfully been a reason for my lack of visits to the dungeons, other than the fact that they were the dungeons. I disliked the dungeons; too much death and gore and that's coming from someone who gained nutrition from drinking the blood of humans. Now don't get me wrong, I'm all for some fun and torture; there is something strangely euphoric in ending a life, but when you spend days on end trying to get information out of a human, you can grow tiresome of it. It's not as if they last very long either, the poor fragile things.

I did not venture below to the dungeons of my own free will; it was a command from Aro. Alternatively 'Master' as we were forced to call him in his presence. He had requested I head out to the streets of Volterra to find Heidi, who had been far too long collecting Aro's dinner. He grew rather irritable when he was thirsty. Heidi had an ability to appear undeniably attractive to anyone, despite of age, gender or sexuality. It also made it very easy for her to fetch our

lunch.

I turned right down yet another narrow and musky corridor; on either side of me, there were lined cages with doors made from the strongest metal known to man. However, it had been many years since the Trio had ordered the imprisonment of one of our own; personally, I believed that Aro enjoyed killing so much. Either way, it did not affect my existence.

Finally, I reached the stone archway that lead to a spiralling staircase; I passed through without hesitation and shot from the bottom of the curving stairwell that met me to the top in less than a second. Reaching back, I pulled my cloak tighter around my throat and lifted the over-sized hood to cover my face, and then I stepped out into the bright light of the sun.

It was midday; this meant the sun was at its highest peak above the clock tower and perhaps the worst time of day for our kind to be outdoors. I did not worry, I knew that if anyone did see the way our skin glistened like diamonds under the light of the sun, they would be dead before they had a chance to accumulate a coherent thought. I turned down the alleyway, trying my best to stick to shadows. Thankfully, I did not have to search very far before I caught Heidi's scent and spotted her heading towards the clock tower with a dozen or two absent-minded humans on her tail.

She was stunning, even I had to admit, with her curling caramel locks and her luscious lips painted red. The same shade as her eyes. She spotted me heading towards her and smiled, "Heidi," I cooed, "We were beginning to wonder if you'd lost your way."

Heidi fluttered her eyelashes at me, "Not at all, dear sister, I was just making some friends." It was as if the human had not even realized I was there. They stood in a circle around Heidi, staring at her with wild and lustful eyes, every one of them. "I've invited them home for lunch." I wrapped my arm through her own and together we lead the humans back to the palace.

Our home was just that: a palace. Unfortunately, for the countless tourists who visited Volterra, they only got to see a small part of it. The majority of our home was underground, in a system of tunnels and secret passageways forged thousands of years ago by our rulers, unbeknownst to the generations of humans that lived above us that their city had never been theirs in the first place.

Once back inside the familiar marble walls, Heidi and I lead the human crowd through the extravagant halls of our home and towards the Throne Room.

As we walked, I noticed the humans all gasping, their mouths hanging open in little 'O's of shock. I often forgot how beautiful our home was until I saw how it looked from a fresh pair of eyes. The place was built from white marble and stone, the furniture ancient and invaluable. The walls were lined with portraits of the Trio's closest 'friends' as Aro liked to call them. They were not friends, the Trio did not have friends; they had favourites and the majority of them were, of course, Gifted. Aro liked to keep note of the vampires he had met in his time who possessed abilities he could one day use. For some unknown reason, he continued to allow most of them to live their own lives peacefully. Personally, I believed Aro was frightened.

Frightened that if he just begun taking Gifted vampires and had Chelsea, whose ability was to influence the emotional ties between individuals, sway their loyalty in the direction of him and his guard then others out there may question the Volturi's rule and it could only take a handful of rebellious vampires to stir an uprising.

Wouldn't that be something?

Our masters throne room was located in the highest turret of the palace, the entrance- two large and old mahogany doors - was blocked by Felix and Demetri, two of my highest ranking Guards.

Felix was a brute of a man, made up entirely of muscle and tedious thoughts. He looked like the Incredible Hulk's albino cousin, wearing a badly made black curly wig. Demetri, however, was his complete opposite: a few inches taller than myself, much leaner and lankier than the other Guard's and with a crooked smile I wished I could tear off. He stepped forward and flashed Heidi and I his stupid smile. He ran a hand through his sand-coloured hair and fluttered his unusually long eyelashes that framed his eyes of deep burgundy. Heidi's doing, I realized.

"Heidi," He greeted her, trying to sound more masculine than he usually did. He had been turned in his late teens, meaning that his voice and appearance was still boyish in a way yet he refused to let this affect his attempts at mating with Heidi. Little did he know Heidi favoured Felix.

"Gentleman," She nodded to them, "I've brought lunch."

In a blur of black, Demetri was standing behind the bewildered humans, his pupils dilating at the scent. "Mhmm, my, they do seem rather juicy."

Heidi just gave him her flirtatious smile. "Indeed."

Slut.

"Enough. Open the doors." I demanded. Demetri, of course, had tried to mate with me upon my addition to the guard. I'd contemplated the idea for a time but it was not long until I discovered just how aggravating he was. Since my ascension to Overseer, he had stopped trying. He nodded once to me and headed towards the doors. He also would never refuse an order, not if he wanted to keep his head.

Felix and Demetri opened the doors with an echoing creak and Heidi and I lead the humans to their death.

As we walked further into the throne room, I heard the gasps and shocked voices of the human crowd. The Throne room was by far the most spectacular room in the entire palace. A large, circular three-story chamber.

The room was lit only by the slits in the stonewalls and the large, glass dome skylight overhead. It let enough light in during the day to illuminate the room but not enough to reveal our true nature and set us ablaze as shimmering diamonds statues. The entire room was made of pearly white marble and stone, columns dotted around held up

the stone arches and timbers of the roof, statues that were chiselled by the most talented of artists to ever exist; Michelangelo's David failed in comparison to some of them.

The Throne room had archways that branches off to other, smaller rooms furnished with expensive chairs, tables, ancient tapestries that hung on the walls and dozens and dozens of bookcases, filled to the rim with giant, leather-bound tomes. Some of which pre-dated the English language; Aro's private collections. Although the throne room was decorated with only three lone furnishings, the thrones themselves, on which our master sat when acting as magistrates to our kind. The thrones were carved and shaped for each of our masters, made from polished dark oak wood and the finest carving I'd seen in centuries.

From atop a raised dais, the Trio sat patiently. Heidi and I lead the humans down the marble steps and into the slight depression in the centre of the room, none of which had noticed the drainage grate.

Aro was old, older than most of us, and it showed. Not in wrinkles nor age spots like elderly mortals but in the almost chalk-like texture of his porcelain skin, in the way he seemed to belong to the room, like it had been built around him, to suit him; and of course in his eyes. There was wisdom in his dark eyes, wisdom and power hidden behind that milky haze. The corner of his mouth twitched up when he saw me following Heidi inside.

"I apologise for my tardiness, master," Heidi said, "I was making some rather interesting friends." Aro waved off her apology.

"Apologise not, my dear, I can see you truly have." He might as well have licked his lips, but I could not blame him, the humans did look delicious. They stood, still staring. Some of them glanced around the chamber, snapping photographs of the dais and the Trio atop it like they were still visiting tourist destinations. Aro simpered down at me from his throne atop the dais, Caius and Marcus sat on either side of him. "La mia bella rosa, Isabella."

—

"Maestro," I replied, bowing to him. Aro spoke a lot of Italian, I figured it was best to learn the language, if only to please him and get in his good books. It also sounded nice, to hear him say my name in the way he did. My name was Isabella. Just Isabella. I had a last name once, I suppose, but it had been a long time since I had remembered it. I'd forgotten my name prior to Aro turning me, I'd only remembered my first name. Isabella. —

I then turned to Caius and bowed, then again to Marcus. In spite of my position as Overseer the Guard and my close personal relationship with Aro, it seemed that Caius and Marcus—• more so Caius, really. Marcus just stared gormlessly into the corner of the room, like he hadn't a clue where he was or what he was doing. I half expected venom to start dripping from his lips like drool—• had taken a disliking to me. A disliking or distrust. Aro looked at me and saw pride and gratification whereas Caius's eyes darkened when I stepped into the room, narrowing in on me like he was just itching for an excuse to give the order and have my head ripped from my body.

I'd have liked to see him try.

If I didn't take his head for attempting, Aro certainly would.

Aro and I had a special kinship, more so than he did with any of his other precious children and no one quite understood why. I did not know why, although Aro had always taken a strong liking to me from the moment he turned me. He had been there from the start. I had been a terrified and violent newborn and Aro had taken me aside to his personal chambers, sat me down on his lush mattress and explained to me what I had become. Back then, things had been blurry, incomprehensible yet Aro explained who I had been as a human and why he turned me.

I'd assumed I'd gain some fragments of my lost memory upon ascending to vampirism but if anything my mortal life had faded even more so, slipping further and further into the tiny part of my subconscious that had once been human.

However, I did remember little of my human life. Mostly how I died. I had been a handmaiden to a wealthy lady of noble birth sometime during the early eighth century; I'd fought back when the master of the house had tried to rape me. He'd thrown me against the bed and pinned me there, he'd hit me and bruised me, made me bleed. I'd decided in that moment no man would ever lay a hand on me again, so I reached across the bed to the tray of food I'd set down for the master, snatched up the knife placed atop it and I plunged the knife deep into his throat. I'd pushed past flesh and muscle and dragged the blade harshly across his throat, spilling his hot blood over the both of us, staining my white dress. It had gone in my mouth (It tasted much different back then) and I'd laughed as he fell to the ground, crawling for the door, clutching to the wound I'd made.

I could have left it there, but instead I threw myself atop him and dove that same knife into his back repeatedly until he stopped moving, until I was entirely drenched in his blood. The guards had heard his yells and come charging into the room with their swords drawn but by this time I had already given up on life. They forced open the door just as I threw myself from the tower balcony. My last human memory is that of the sun setting beyond the horizon before the world went black.

The next thing I knew, I was in hell and burning for my crime. That was what I had believed at the time, being a "true" Christian girl. It was only later when I awoke in a cool underground chamber with Aro standing over me that I discovered the truth about my hell. He'd heard my laughter as I leapt from that tower and saw me plunging to the ground. By chance, his curiosity peaked and he'd wondered why I had been laughing as I plummeted to my ultimate demise, so he'd come to see me.

"I stood by your broken body, watching you bleed out, and decided I wished to know why you were so eager to die." Aro said as he retold the story that day. He told me how he'd knelt down and touched my cheek. In that moment he'd expected to understand who I had been and every thought I'd ever had, though instead he came up short. Nothing. He'd thought I had died at first but he could still hear the slow beating of my heart. He had a thought, a risky one but he'd taken that risk and he'd bitten me.

It had been not long after my transformation he identified my Shield and personally aided me in controlling it and adapting to life as a vampire; in some ways, I was Aro's personal project. In one instance, he even referred to me as the daughter he always wanted. This did not plead well with Jane, one of the Volturi's older and somewhat salient Guard members.

Since then Aro and I had been like family, of course we had to keep up pretences with the others, although our kinship was no secret.

The rest was history. Aro and I had been the best of companions; maybe even close enough to use the word 'friend' but there had always been that underlining knowledge between the two of us. That he was the master and I his humble servant, that no matter the time that passed and no matter how close he and I got, he was always my master and if I ever dared to cross him to an unforgivable extent, he would burn me.

I still liked to believe I earned Aro's friendship and my position as Overseer due to my strong, powerful, passionate and overall respectful (not to mention ridiculously hot) demeanour. But I was not gullible. I knew there was another, more obvious reasons behind Aro's kindness and his decision to appoint me the role. I had been gifted, you see, with an ability many would die for! I was a shield. A mental shield and it had been amazing. My mind was impenetrable to any form of a psychic attack; no one could invade my mind unless I allowed for it. Jane had the raw ability of pain inducement. She could inflict an illusion of absolute and intolerable pain that incapacitates them. Rumour had it that few of the unfortunate souls to fall victim to Jane's burning gaze left them mentally instable, scarred to their souls. Fortunately, for I, my built-in shield protected me from her wrath.

My shield also gave me a sense of privacy, something no other guard member had but each of the others craved. Aro had a gift too; a single touch and every thought you had ever had in your entire life, entire existence now belonged to him. He felt what you felt, he heard what you heard, even smelt what you smelt. There were no secrets among the Volturi, not when your Master had access to every impulsive thought.

"Thank you for ensuring Heidi had not forgotten her way." Aro's voice brought me back to today. He liked to play with his words; we all knew Heidi had not forgotten her way. It was as if Aro liked to play the part of a human. Strange.

"It was no matter." I nodded a thank you.

"Please," he said, "Take one of our guests for yourself? If memory serves, you have not fed in almost a fortnight?" It was true, I'd left it long this time and my throat did burn so at the look of the humans, at the idea of tearing their throats apart with my teeth. Aro seemed to notice the look of hunger in my eyes and beckoned towards them. "My gift," he echoed. I nodded and approached the crowd of humans, inspecting them. There were men, women and children of all ages standing before me. I allowed myself a smell and tried my absolute hardest to restrain myself. In the end, I took the hand of a rather yummy looking gentleman with dark eyes and stubble across his chin. He by far was the most delicious, in more ways than

one.

"Thank you, master." I bowed and turned towards the doors, taking the human with me.

"Oh, Isabella..."

"Yes, Master?"

"I have a matter of business we must discuss-"

A lot growl reverberated from beyond Caius' bared teeth. Caius looked handsome but in a sly way. His fair hair hung by his ears, straight as a ruler, his smile was crooked to the extent it looked almost as if one side of his face had gone numb, and his eyes. His eyes held no emotion but rage. "Must we deal with this now?"

Aro tilted his head towards Caius, the curtain of jet-black hair slowly brushed down the side of his shoulder. "Brother...you seem agitated this afternoon, what bothers you?"

"I am parched." Was his only reply and Aro rolled his eyes.

"I will call for you at sundown. We will discuss it then." I bowed to him, to his brothers and then spun towards the exist, practically dragging the human along with me. As I ascended the marble steps out of the room, I heard Aro's voice. "Now...let us feed."

That's when the humans started to scream and the sound of bloodshed was all I could hear.

* * *

><p>Hours later, I felt deeply relaxed. I'd taken the human Aro had gifted me and lead him back down to the dungeons, to one of cells hidden away. The hypnotizing affect of Heidi's gift had worn off and he started to gather a sense of reason and logic, realizing that their tour had not only gotten lost but that they were in grave danger. He'd panicked, and then tried to run. Usually, we like to hunt. We were predators, hunting was what we did, but in that moment I could only wonder what business Aro had in store for me and I found very little pleasure in my kill.<p>

Even as I pounced, straddled the human man and took him to the ground, even as my sharp teeth tore through his fragile flesh, burst through his jugular, and tasted the sweetness of his blood, all I could do was think of Aro. I had been right before, he had been delicious and thanks to the intoxicating scent of his blood, I had eventually calmed enough to enjoy my feed.

I'd disposed of the body through one of the many metal grates and listened as his body fell to the cavern hidden deep below the palace, miles into the darkness.

Since then I had returned to my chambers, bathed and changed and spent the remainder of my free time ensuring everyone else was doing their jobs. After I was sure, I had no issues to deal with nor important information I needed to disclose, I found myself in the library. Knowledge was something we vampires as a species urged for. I had yet to meet one of our kind who had not travelled the world in

search of lost secrets and wonders. It sounded like a dream. I had read every book in the library and there was thousands and thousands of books, read the majority of them a few times over the years but I found these days my interest in reading was fading.

My unchanging home and everything within its walls was boring me more so with each passing day. I wondered how long I could go without luxuries of consistent amusement. Something I was in dire need of. A thought crossed my mind

Why not just leave?

Just pack up my belongings and leave in the light of mid-day. It would take me a while to evade the assassins the Trio would certainly send after me but with my shield, I would've been protected. I could have seen the world. But what a life that would be, to be on the run from those you once called family, for all eternity? Not only that but I would have had to live with the knowledge that I abandoned Aro without warning or reason. After all he had done for me and for me to abandon, him, for me to even think about abandoning him, was coming close to treason.

"Isabella?" A chipper, childlike voice called through the halls. I twitched "not a voice I wanted to hear when I was contemplating the possibility of leaving. If Aro ever discovered a way to read my thoughts our bond of friendship would most certainly break. but shatter under his fist.

"On my way, master." I replied to the summon. My voice echoed down the hall. We were on opposite sides of the castle, he was in his tower whereas I was wandering down a hall four levels below him. That was another reason I disliked my home, the privacy, or lack thereof. It was hard to find any quiet when you could hear everything around for miles. Everything.

A heartbeat later, I stood by the giant mahogany doors, beyond which my masters were waiting for me. I tried to shake away the thoughts I'd been having, of leaving this place and possibly travelling this pathetic excuse of a world we live in. Aro would not be pleased if he discovered the truth. I slacked my shoulders, flung open the wooden doors and strolled in lazily.

You could tell they had fed. The purplish bruises surrounded their black eyes had vanished, their skin had an almost silver undertone glow in the dying embers of daylight and their eyes, their eyes had turned from coal black to glistening orbs of rubies. I hadn't had a chance to look in the mirror since feeding but I knew I looked good too, I felt good. My muscles, which had previously been tense, were now loose and relaxed, my vision was clearer and burn in my throat had subsided- for now.

"Isabella..." Aro sang,

"Masters, you called for me." I said with a bow. Bowing had just become second nature, something we did as we entered the Throne room and left it; a show of our respect.

"Yes. We have a task for you, Isabella..." Aro said. I cocked my head, waiting patiently - or so it would appear. "The time has come for you to leave us again, I'm afraid. We have many enemies across

the world, many of those whom deem themselves worthy opponents to us and threaten to destroy the unwavering peace we have worked so hard to build. "

"And you would like for me to eradicate these threats."

"It is what you do best."

It was true, It was what I did best.

Aro had many enemies; old enemies from his long but not forgotten past and new enemies (usually Newborn's) who believed that had a choice when it came to the law. That since they had ascended into vampirism that they were free from rules and obligations. This was not the case and It was the Volturi's job to ensure they were reminded of our laws, reminded of them or punished for breaking them.

It was usually the latter.

He was correct before, I was the best at what finding our threats and dismissing of them. I wish I could say that I was the best simply because of my large variety of combat skills and knowledge of various martial arts, but - like most other perks I had in life - it was because of my gift, it shielded me from any unknown abilities these Newborn's may have possessed. My shield and my skills, as well as my proper and loyal decorum to our family, made me the perfect candidate for the job.

"Do you accept?" He asked as if I had a choice in the matter.

"Of course, it would be my pleasure."

Aro's smiled widened and surprisingly, he rose from his throne and slowly descended the dais, heading towards me. He held out his hand and I realized what it was. A sheet of yellowish parchment, folded into four to disclose the information written upon it. "Your targets and their current locations." He answered at my raised brows.

I did not have to ask, I knew that Aro had eyes and ears on all corners of the globe. "Thank you, Master."

He tilted his head and looked at me with a look of what I could only call longing, "We will miss you, won't we brothers?"

Marcus did not look our way. Caius bared his teeth. I was overwhelmed with love.

"I shall return at the earliest convenience." I told him and then surprisingly Aro opened his arms and embraced me. I was taken by surprise as Aro never publically displayed his affections for me. He never came close to me when we were around others. I felt the warmth of his hard body, pressing against my own, felt his chin on the top of my head and his spider-like fingers running through my hair.

"_Promettimi, Isabella, si tornerÃ ?" _Translated to English this meant:_ Promise me, Isabella, you will return?_

It took every ounce of self-control I had to hide my frown. It was as

if Aro had been able to read my mind, like he truly was worried I would not return to the Volturi given the choice.

I smiled and pulled back and looked him in the face, my master. "I promise."

* * *

><p>The moment the doors closed behind me and I was around the corner, I lifted the sheet of parchment and unfolded it, taking in the names and locations of my those Aro wished dead. There were seven names on the list and this took me by surprise, there was usually a great deal more. One vampire in Canada, one in London, two in New York, two in Seattle and the last in a town in Clallam County, Washington, by the name of Forks-<p>

I stopped breathing and physically halted in the middle of the hall, as if paralysed by the name. Forks. I did not understand it, nor did I truly want to but something within me lurched at the name of this town. I was almost one hundred percent certain I had never heard of this town before, never visited it during my travels; then how did I know of it and why did it have such an unusual affect over me?

I glanced down at the list a third time, reflecting the words pensively.

Forks. It was so familiar yet so distant.

I realized after a second that I was being immature, that I may have overheard Aro discussing it with his brothers at some point, it seemed like the logically explanation if he had an enemy in the area. I scolded myself for such nonsense thinking and continued my walk to my chambers with a smile on my face.

Perhaps this was my chance to finally get out of Volterra and have some fun.

* * *

><p>FanWriter's Note:

**Hello everyone. Welcome to 'Remember a love long lost' my newest story here on Fanfiction. A little insight to this story: Isabella the Overseer of the Volturi Guard and Aro's most loyal friend in the world. She has been a vampire for many centuries now and has enjoyed it but as time passes, Isabella wants nothing more than to get out and see the world but fears the consequences of doing so. Though now given freedom to leave her home and hunt down Aro's enemies, Isabella expects to have an amusing time until her travels take her to Forks, where she discovers more about the world and who she really is.
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I hope you enjoy this story and the direction I intend on taking it. I hope to read many reviews on your opinions and thoughts, as they do mean a lot to me and do help. Thank you, and enjoy.

**~FanWriter Asher~ **

2. Chapter 2

****Isabella's POV:****

* * *

><p>There was someone in my chamber.<p>

As I approached the curving stone stairwell that ascended into one of the tallest towers of the building adjacent to the clock tower, I stopped dead in my tracks. A slit in the wall allowed for the soft dying light of day to shine through, flooding everything in a dusty ember glow; it also allowed for me to see clearly the hundreds of dust motes that danced across my vision, spinning aimlessly like planets without orbit.

I frowned. Who would dare enter my private chamber without my warranty? Whoever it was, they were about to become victim to one infuriated immortal. I reached the top of the stairwell in less than a second and kicked the set of wooden doors in with enough force to almost tear them from their hinges. With a growl, I stormed inside.

My chambers were wide and spacious, more than enough room for a dozen people though of course I lived alone, usually. The walls were two stories and made of stone the colour of ash; the main room was wide and circular, made up of a grand marble fireplace framed on either side by tall vases of sweet smelling roses. Set out before the hearth there was two long and rather expensive sofas, made up of white fabrics and beneath that a wide, luxurious rug. In spite of what I was, I liked to keep my room tidy, presentable and light. The colour pallet of the furniture was that of whites, beiges and chocolates and made up of only the finest materials and designs. Furniture carved centuries ago. I was nothing if not traditional.

The main room branched off into an en suite bathroom and a walk in closet the same size as the en suite. The two rooms were hidden away behind closed doors yet the third room, the bedroom, was accessible through a tall archway and behind the veil of a curtain. A curtain I had left open when I left my chambers earlier that day, yet now was drawn.

"You have to the count of now to reveal yourself."

It was only when I heard the ruffle of my duvet and his bare footsteps on the cold floor that I caught his scent. The moment it hit me, I felt my shoulders loosen and my muscles relax. I unclenched my jaw. He appeared in the archway to the bedroom, smirking at me with two rows of pearly whites.

"It's about time you showed up. Come, join me." He winked and beckoned me towards my bedroom with one finger. I scowled and followed him across the room.

"Kai." I scolded, following cautiously. On the way, I kicked off my heels and wiggled my toes against concrete.

"Isabella..." He hummed in response from the other room. I parted the curtain and stepped into my bedroom. He was already on my iron four-poster bed, fiddling thoughtlessly with the black voile curtains

hanging down either side. He rested his head against my pearly white duvets, blankets, in a depression of my many lush pillows; there were more than any one individual needed. Ironical, to say we did not sleep.

The man sprawled out across my mattress was a good-looking man, even by my standards. He was taller than I was, by three or four foot and had a built, toned physique he liked to show off to the other members of the Guard, all except Felix who had even Kai outmatched. It was not his muscles that drew women (and some men, I discovered) to his bed at night but his unnaturally good looks, even for one of our kind. His features were angular and sharp, with a straight nose, strong bone structure and high cheekbones so sharp they were dangerous to the touch.

"You know," I began, crossing my arms and resting my shoulder against the threshold wall, "Breaking into the Overseer of the Guard's private chambers is a serious crime. I have documentation in her that Aro does not wish to be seen by prying eyes. Top secrets you see-"

"-Oh is that so?" His tone was mocking.

"Indeed, and if he were to hear of your crime he would surely inflict a severe punishment. Or maybe he would allow me to inflict it myself?"

"Punishment? Interesting. In what form?"

I paused and rubbed my chin, "I was thinking something along the lines of a trip to the dungeons. Maybe we can play with some toys: chains, whips, torches and other fun instruments. Maybe even a hot poker..." I let the last word linger in the air.

"You would let me off so easily?" He winked and smiled as he bit his lower lip. A lip I so desperately wanted to bite. "Come, join Me." he repeated as he unbuttoned his shirt slowly, one torturous button at a time.

"Maybe your punishment ought to be a night in your own bed, alone?"

"You monster!" He threw his head back and laughed, within a blurry second he appeared by my side and his rough, calloused hands wrapped around my throat. With a single heave, he hoisted me into the air and slammed me ruthlessly against the wall. I felt my head connect with the concrete, felt the vibrations running through the rock as it cracked open behind me.

I did not fight back, I did not even frown; instead I allowed myself a smile. He noticed my smile but before he could say anything, I slammed my elbow into his nose and as his head snapped back, I grabbed him by the throat and launched him through the curtain and rolling across the sitting room floor. He barely had a chance to sit up before I slammed my bare foot against his chest and kept him pinned down.

"Thank you." Being called a monster was no insult, especially not with our lifestyles.

He grunted and slammed his arm into the back of my knee, causing it to bend, this lapse gave him the opportunity to spin me around, and before I knew it, he was straddling me, pinning my arms to the ground. Then he kissed me. His lips smashed against my own with enough force to break the jaw of a human, yet I barely felt it. Instead, I let my head fall back and my hair splay out, my eyes closed and a moan escaped through my lips.

He used one hand to pin both of my own while the other caressed my cheek, he dragged a finger towards my shirt and tugged on the buttons of my black blouse while his lips shifted from my own to my jaw-line and then to the hollow of my throat. Soft at first but as he pressed his frame against me, his weight resting on me, he got rougher. Desperate. He tasted of berries and blood, of death and sex and it overwhelmed me.

"I came-" He said, "-The moment word travelled of your mission. I did not want you to leave without a proper goodbye..." He tugged on the last button and pulled my shirt apart, revealing my smooth stomach and dark lace bra I chose that morning. He reached down, grabbed the flesh of my thigh, and hitched it around his waist. I could feel him pressing into me. I ran my fingers through his mid-length hair; it was in a state of disarray and was as black as his soul was. I raked my hands down his back. "Shall we move to the bedroom? Or the bathtub, your call." He winked.

I knew I only had a few hours left until dawn. For mortals, sex lasted only a sheer matter of minutes (not even that for some, I had discovered) but for our kind who never grew tired, who never needed to take a break for silly things such as food or sleep, we could go for days! However, I did not have days; I had hours and had much to do in my few hours before I took my leave. The first thing: let the hunter free.

I lifted him off me and rolled from beneath him, springing to my feet.

"I'm afraid not. I am going out. I need to let loose and the only possible way I can think to do that now is to hunt down a human whose life is even more so depressing than my own." It was not the only reason, I had fed earlier that day thanks to Aro's Gift yet one simple human was no enough nutrition for a mission across the world. I could already feel my muscles hardening and the burn in my throat. I needed to power up. I noticed his leather jacket thrown carelessly atop my tabletop. I snatched it up and put it on.

"Isabella, I too find enjoyment in the luxuries of mindless slaughter, more so than you or any other could possibly comprehend, however this once - and this once only - might I suggest you find an alternative?" His hand caressed his bare chest, running his nails through tufts of chest hair.

He was correct in that sense. There was being an immortal, blood-drinking monster and then there was him. His soul as cold as his still dead heart. The fact that Kai marvelled in the hunt more so than I did ought to have worried me, terrified me even, yet I could never turn him away.

"I cannot. I have to hunt, then shower and change, then pack and then consult with Aro's eyes to get whatever information I can get on my

targets. I have to arrange flights and trains and..." He shot across the room in what would appear to any human as a blur of black and white, but not to me. I saw all of him. The movement of his solid muscles beneath the layers of his immaculate ivory coloured skin. He grabbed his jacket by the collar and pulled me in for another tormenting kiss.

"You can convince yourself you do not want this though I believe both you and I know the truth." He beckoned to his magnificent naked form. He dropped the remains of his shirt to the ground. Cocky, not confident.

"Kai..." I warned. He took his jacket off me and dropped it, then he took my shirt off and it joined his jacket.

He pressed his lips against the corner of my mouth, then to my jaw and then against my throat. The same place Aro had bitten me so long ago.

"C'mon." He sang. There was just something in that dark ruby, puppy-dog eyes that drew me in and maybe this was why I loosened my shoulders, unzipped my jeans and threw myself into his arms.

* * *

><p>I have lived many lifetimes and had more than my fair share of sexual partners. Unbelievably it was not as easy for us to find that kind of fun as one may have been lead to believe, despite our unearthly beauty and our eternal life spans. It was difficult, you see, to find a being with whom you could lose yourself completely; to let go of your worry and your concerns of damaging them and to really have some fun. Of course, we could walk just outside of our homes and ask anyone, but when you shared a bed with humans, things were not as fun. I had tried it a few times and each time had resulted in very little pleasure for either one of us, well, that was until I decided to let go and I had pinned them to the bed, splintering the bones in their arms, and then tore their vocal chords out with my teeth. One way or another, I would leave that room satisfied.<p>

We vampires preferred the company of our own kind to that of a human. Very few vampires had that secure sense of control to make love to a human without killing it. It was just easier when it was with a member of our own kind. It was powerful, passionate, and rough; the way I liked it.

Mordecai was exactly what I needed, what I craved. I had wondered if I would ever find someone to fulfil my many disgusting desires, if I would have to succumb to the not-so-subtle hints Demetri and the other Guards had given me and fuck one of them, but then he had shown up. I had been called in to the throne room by Aro and asked to show our most recent addition around our lovely home and to his chambers. He had been standing in the centre of the room with his hands in his pockets and a bored expression on his face. At the time, I had been surprised by Aro's leniency with Kai; though it had not taken me long to discover the truth behind it.

Kai was gifted, of course. Gifted with the ability of compulsion. Compulsion was an extremely rare ability for our kind. In fact, Kai was the first of our kind I had heard of with such ability. He could not only hypnotise and control the minds of humans, but also of

vampires. He could sway your will in any direction he pleased; convince you of anything he desired. Aro had been ecstatic to learn of Kai's existence and ability; I had overheard him speaking with Caius one night about how Kai's ability could grow with time. In the future, he may have been able to not only force his will onto others but also lead them to believe whatever he willed. To take full control over an entire mind.

I had been worried at first until I realized no matter how hard he tried; Kai's ability would not sway me. He had tried, once, but only upon Aro's request to see if his gift would work on me. Of course, it had not and this had intrigued Kai. He had spent years - for the use of a better word - courting me. I had not been interested at first, but I had flirted back out of mindless amusement, that was until he diverted his attention from me and towards Heidi who was more than happy to open her legs for him.

This had somewhat annoyed me.

So naturally, I took him back and had more fun with my new toy that Heidi ever could. Since then, he and I had a kind of thing. He was not my mate, I could not stress that point to him enough; at first he seemed a little dubious until he accepted I was not a one-person kind of girl. I liked to have fun and experiment: vampires, humans, men and women. We were just two people who liked to fuck. If only I had his power to blame for my arousal.

I scolded myself for giving in to Kai's influence and rolled out of bed. "Where is it you think you're going?" He asked. I walked across my cool chamber naked and headed towards the en suite.

"Showering, since I no longer have the time to hunt."

"Want some company?" he asked, following me into the main room.

"No."

I closed the bathroom door. The shower was hot, the water burning my skin felt nice. I rubbed my arms and my neck, wiping away the shampoo suds from my body. It had taken all the willpower I held to pull myself away from Kai; if I had a choice he and I would have kept going for another several hours but I knew I would miss my flight and Aro would not be pleased with me.

After my shower I stood, staring at myself in the mirror. I looked better than I had that morning yet still I felt drained. My skin usually held an ivory glow, flawless and smooth yet now it looked almost greyish. My face, though still beautiful, looked worn due to the growing purple bruises beneath my mesmerizing eyes. I had fed that day thanks to Aro but already they were darkening. For me, feeding on only one human was like a human only taking one bite of an apple. Tastes good at the time but is far from being enough nutrition. I grabbed a hairbrush and ran it through my dark, heavy hair until it was flat and clinging to my shoulders then returned to the main room where Kai was sprawled out, still naked, on the rug by the hearth.

I pulled up and headed towards my walk in closet. Five minutes later, I came out, clad all in black. Black skinny jeans, black, heeled

platform pumps as well as a stretched T-shirt that acted as a dress on my slender frame. I had a tight, structured jacket on top of that with an over-sized hood to protect my face from the sun.

"Why must we wear black all of the time? It's such a depressing colour." He stated as I set down my now full suitcase atop the table.

"Black is my happy colour." I joked. I slid on a pair of soft black gloves. All skin had to be covered.

"Isabella?" There was something in his voice. A tone I had not heard from him before: fear. I turned to face him. The flames cast swaying shadows over his back and torso, making his eyes almost black and his features even sharper. "I could come with you, I have no duties here as of yet." I rolled my eyes as I sauntered over and sat down by his side. He rolled over and rested his head in my lap. I caressed his cupids-bow with my fingernail, smirking down.

"No," I finally answered his question. "You may not have any duties as of yet but with Aro you can never be sure. You must stay." The pain I had inflicted with this answer was as clear as day. I looked down at the silver watch on my wrist. It was almost dawn. I had to leave.

"I must go." I informed him. I grabbed my suitcase and headed towards the doors. He was still stark naked, even as he followed me out.

Just as I reached the top of the stairs, he snatched my wrist and spun to kiss me a final time. I allowed myself a single moment, to let the kiss consume me. Nevertheless, a moment was all I had to spare. I pulled away from him, "Don't you dare enter my private chambers without my permission again, do you understand?" He just laughed.

"Of course. I'll miss you." I did not reply as I descended the stairwell, leaving him behind. Although as I made my way through the tunnels of our home and towards the underground parking lot where all of the Volturi's rather expensive and beautiful means of transportation were kept, I continued to think of Kai. The planes of his chest and the curve of his muscles, the texture of his hair and the gleam in his dark eyes. He was a beautiful man and as much as I refused to admit it aloud, I was beginning to care for him.

Though my personal feelings had to wait, I had a mission. I had to put aside my love life and focus solely on the kill. First stop: Pisa.

* * *

><p>FanWriter's Note:

**Hello everyone! Big thank you from everyone who read and left a review on the first chapter of this story! Seen as though some of you may be Guests on this site and I cannot private message Guests to reply to your reviews and answer your questions, I've decided to respond to your reviews at the end of the next chapters. Responses to reviews from chapter one will be at the end of this note. Responses to reviews on this chapter will be at the end of chapter three, and

so on. Not much happens in this chapter but we do learn about Bella's current love life and thoughts on having a mate. We do meet Kai in this chapter who will play a large part in this story later. Please review and let me know what you thought!**

* * *

><p>Responding to your reviews:

**Kissofshadows13: Thank you! The next chapter is here and I can't wait to see what you think **

**XXX1994: Thank you for your review! Isabella has been out on hunts before, hunting to feed and hunting down Aro's enemies. This is true. Though for a reason unknown to even Isabella, she has a constant urge to leave her home. There is a reason for this and it will be explained in chapters to come. An Overseer is a kind of supervisor. Another word for Captain of the Volturi Guard. She ensures the other members of the Volturi Guard are doing their jobs correctly. She is Aro's right hand. **

**Guests 1 & 2: Both of your names are Guest so I respond to the two of you here. Both of you asked when the next chapter will be updated and here it is. As of this moment, I have no set routine for updates of this story as chapter planning is still in progress though I am trying for a chapter a week. This is not set in stone! **

**Alice: Alice! I love you. I always enjoy your reviews. So warming and encouraging. Around 4 years and you're still reading! Wow. I cannot thank you enough for it! And your kind words on this story. I am glad to hear how my writing has improved over time; it just inspires me to keep going. Thank you! Xx**

_**Maddy2U2000: Again, the chapter is here! Hope you enjoy.
**_

~FanWriter Asher~

3. Chapter 3

Isabella's POV:

* * *

><p>I had one of our human subjugates pull around a car. It was a beautiful car; a Mercedes Eâ€" Class Saloon. I did not know much about cars, other than how to drive them. I had only discovered the name of this car when the subjugate (whose name I had already forgotten) informed me of it for reasons unknown. I handed him my suitcase, which he placed in the trunk, and then I sat in the back with one leg folded over the other and waited. He slid in and started the car and within seconds, we were on the road and heading away from Volterra. I glanced back out of the rear-view window once, watching the sky lighten into a baby blue the higher the sun rose.<p>

I could not help but find myself smiling. Finally, I was leaving home behind. A part of me felt saddened at the thought of leaving home â€" sad. That is the wrong word â€" ambivalent. I supposed in a way I did not want to leave the security of the palace, to leave my 'friends.'

A part of me yearned to spend a day in bed with Kai yet another part of me, a larger part of me, craved to leave home and explore.

I turned to face the road ahead. Waiting.

The subjugate would drive me the hour it took from Volterra to Pisa, there I would meet with one of Aro's consultants. A man by the name of Sebastian. I had met him on numerous occasions before under similar circumstances. He was in charge of Aro's other consultants across the globe, he ensured they were doing their jobs just as I ensured the Guard back home did theirs. Aro had a team, a team of other gifted vampires who would use their gifts to find out as much as they could on his enemies. For example, they were sent to interact with Aro's enemies under false pretences. One of these vampires would be a tracker; another would be able to identify other abilities if they possessed such. Another would be able to sense the greatest fears of others in case of conflict, or another could predict any lies being told to them if suspected, to name but a few of the Gifted on this team.

The information they gathered was sent to Sebastian, who would pass it on to me upon our meeting. He would join me on a flight to London, during which we would discuss the list of Aro's selected enemies and he would tell me what I needed to know. Upon landing, we would depart and I would hunt down and end the first of Aro's enemies.

* * *

><p>After the hour was up, the driver pulled into an empty but well lit airport runway, well, empty with the exception of one jet and a small handful of vampires standing before it.<p>

Sebastian was waiting by the steps to the private jet. It was a pearly white Gulfstream V. One of the Volturi's many private jets. He looked just as he did the last time I saw him, three decades ago. He was tall, around six feet, but unhealthily thin and lanky. Like his skin clung only to the bone. His face was long and sharp, his cheekbones high and his eyeâ€”brows arched. His thin lips mangled into some form of a smile. Yet still quite handsome.

"Isabella...it's been some time. You're looking well." I nodded and handed the subjugate by his side my case and walked up the steps of the jet, ducking indoors.

"Three decades, Sebastian," I answered. Thirty years since I had spoken to him, twentyâ€”nine years since I had thought of him, yet I ignored his welcome. We vampires were not the affectionate type. "The sun is up. Shall we go?"

He followed me indoors, as did his own protection: four other vampires of shapes and sizes all clad in black and grey. It did not take long for the jet to set off down the runaway and before we spoke again, we were in the sky. Thankfully, the windows of the jet were blacked out yet still allowed enough daylight in for me to enjoy the view. Flying was something I thoroughly enjoyed; I had been cautious off aerodynamic transportation in the first century of its creation. The humans were no so technologically advanced back then as they were today and the idea of falling out of an aircraft hundreds of miles into the sky and plummeting to the earth below did not sound so

appeasing. For all I knew, a fall such as that could damage one of us beyond repair.

These days I did not worry as much. Humans perfected flight and I could enjoy watching the earth pass us by.

"Tell me, how is Aro?" Sebastian enquired, sitting across from me, leaning back in into the warm white leather. A flight attendant, clearly human, stopped by our side and held a tray forward. A tray with two champagne glasses of thick, black blood. I felt my throat burn and my muscles react. The hunter wanted to not only consume the contents of both glasses but to take the flight attendant as well. I shook my head and turned away. Sebastian thanked the human girl and sipped his blood sweetly. It still surprised me, how some vampires had such a strong sense of control when it came to blood. I could restrain from human blood at times of desperate hunger such as this, if I knew it was what I needed to do, whereas others would not be able to cage the beast within. They would willingly attack and consume without paying a single thought to the consequences of their actions. Other vampires, such as Sebastian, were so strong he could be exposed to fresh blood, drink it and not turn into a thing of nightmares.

I wondered if time would secure me such a sense of control, yet I was old. I was only about a thousand years (give or take) younger than Aro, over a thousand years myself! Yet I still fell into two minds when it came to blood. Strange. A part of me then wondered if it were Sebastian's talent, to have such control.

His voice distracted me. "Isabella?" He asked. I realized he had asked me a question.

"Aro is well, of course." That was all I had to say on the matter. I did not want to think of Aro, not now. It would sadden me and distract me from the task at hand. "Tell me, who is my first target?"

Sebastian sighed, obviously displeased with my lack of enthusiasm to play the part of old friends. He lifted a black briefcase onto the built in table between us and clicked it open. He reached inside and as he did so, I got a brief look at the documentation within. Names, dates, places, times, photographs, etc. In a way, the Volturi's connections around the world reminded me a little of the mortal government. With its hidden societies and branches of government and top secret departments. The only difference being where the humans tried to restrain and punish its rule breakers in places such as prisons and institutions, we vampires simply eradicated the threat from the start.

He pulled out a black and white photograph and slid it across to me. I snatched it up and took in the face of my first kill. He looked to be in his twenties; he had a sagging face and unshaven stubble. He looked angry.

"His name is George." I did not need to know his name. "He resides in London, Croydon specifically. He lives in an old apartment building vacated last year and scheduled for demolition this coming June. He lives withâ€" "

"Age?" I blurted.

Sebastian sighed, "Twenty-four when he was turned, this was eight years ago."

"Hmm, so young." I sighed. Age was an important factor when it came to finding out information on your enemy. Older vampires such as I was powerful, incredibly powerful. Vampires younger than I yet had passed the first century of their birth tended to share a similar measure of strength " Unless they were gifted with an ability to further it or their body mass was increased more so than that of an average human before their turning. Newborns were strong. Human blood still lingers in their tissues meaning that for a short period, they are at their strongest. Of course, with time, the venom would consume the lingering blood and these capabilities would diminish.

George was eight of our years, meaning he had surpassed the first year of almost threatening strength yet still he was young, thus making him naive, reckless and easy to kill.

"Like I was saying, he lives with two others. A male and female he turned a few years back"

"He turned them?" This honestly surprised me. An eight-year-old vampire turning a human?

"The first by accident. He was mid-feed when he was caught by the human police. At this time, he still feared them so he managed to leave the girl and flee, not knowing he had not entirely killed her. The venom turned her and she slaughtered and entire emergency room floor. She escaped; the two found one another and mated. The other was an old friend of his he told the truth too. This friend extracted venom in attempts at experimenting with it. Hoping to find a cure."

I laughed aloud, even Sebastian's guards joined in.

"Obviously, his experiments failed and he turned. He too joined George and his mate. The three have been together since."

"So," I asked finally, "Why does Aro require their demise?"

Sebastian smiled, "It's rather amusing, actually. They have been plotting to create an army of their own. An army they plan to use to storm Buckingham palace and kill the Queen of Britain. As fun as that would be to watch play out, we know how horrific this would be and the consequences his actions would have on our kind and the world as a whole."

"I agree, it would be something," I could picture it now. How horrible.

"He should not be difficult to dispose of. My men will be on the scene when you give the word to dispose of the remains. After this we'll be travelling to..."

For the three hours it took to journey from Pisa, Italy to London, England, Sebastian took me through every single bit of information he had on my targets. Their names, ages, current locations, any gifted ones, of which there was only one. The one I had been eager to learn

about. The vampire in Forks. Apparently, she was exceptionally gifted as evading enemies. She was the one I would have to work hard to kill. Her name? Victoria.

* * *

><p>It was a three-hour journey from Pisa to London though time difference was only one hour, meaning it was approximately noon when we arrived. One thing I loved about the UK. The rain. It was rarely sunny in this little country. Thankfully, it was grey enough for me to walk about without the need of cover. The moment I left Sebastian and his guards at the airport, I decided to hunt. I left my suitcase with them, knowing I would not require a hotel as we were staying in London only that day.<p>

It did not take me long to locate some desperate human man looking for some loving companionship in the alleyway behind an old 'Pub' He barely had a chance to ask me how much I cost before I snapped his neck and sunk my teeth into his fleshy throat. Usually I would savour the kill, I would take joy in watching the light leave their eyes as I drained them of every last drop they held, but it was daylight and it was London, a city populated by over eight million. Better safe than sorry.

I made sure to make the wound look as if he had been bottled in some fight with my next victim, a man of a very similar nature. The police would see it as a drunken brawl that went terribly out of hand. One of them bottle in the throat and died, but not before shoving the other into a wall and cracking his skull. A real tragedy. Taken too soon and all that other nonsense.

Although I was covered in blood. A shower was in order. I covered myself with my cloak, wiped the blood from my chin, returned to collect my suitcase and bought a hotel room after all. After showering, changing, going over my kill list another time and then spending a few hours shopping on the streets of central London, I realized it was sunset. Time to kill. I gave Sebastian a call to inform him I was on my way and set off to kill a man who was plotting to assassinate the Queen.

* * *

><p>I broke through the door to the apartment building, made my way up the curving stairs with my cloak trailing behind me until I stopped just outside the door to number 31. I could hear voices from inside. I walked through the door to the apartment. It was wide and spacious and once upon a time would have looked nice, only now the remnants of the furniture were torn and stained with dried up blood, blood that was splattered across the white walls and pooling in the torn up carpet. In the corner of the room lay a decaying human corpse. I had smelt it walking down the hall. Disgusting. Killing was one thing, keeping the slowly rotting body of your prey in the corner like some proud trophy was another.<p>

I heard their footsteps before they rushed into the room, three of them. "Who the hell are you?" The man in the centre of the trio asked me. I glanced up and looked him in the eye. George. He looked just as he did in the photograph. Rugged, with a tangle of greasy hair and an untrimmed beard. His clothes were torn and bloodstained also. He looked as if he had not bathed since he had turned. The girl by his

side looked to be sixteen, if not younger but in the way she clung to his arm, it was obvious she was his mate. A skimpy little thing, wearing old leather skirts and torn tights. Her red lipstick smudged with blood. On George's other side, his brother, the scientist. A taller man, bigger in build too yet he looked frightened. Correctly so. Their eyes were all still blazing. Newborns.

"I said who are ya?"

"I heard you the first time. My name is Isabella." I dropped my hood so they could see me clearly. From the looks on their faces, they had not expected me. They had met others of our kind before, when Aro's consultants had informed them of the Volturi and the rules they were breaking. Still, they continued to ignore our law and plot to kill her majesty the Queen. This could not be allowed. "I was sent by the Volturi. I'm afraid I have heard bad things about you, George."

I started to move across the room, looking as if I were admiring the apartment. "I like what you've done with the place." I nodded to the corpse. "Friend of yours?" I mumbled. I turned back to them. "Yes, very bad things indeed. Rumour has it you are planning to kill Queen Elizabeth?"

"Nah. Not true."

"It isn't?" This confused me.

"We're gonna turn her. Make her one of us."

Ah, there it was. "By, George!" I smile, reciting the phrase in a perfect British accent. "It will not stand. In doing so, you are killing her and exposing our kind to the world. I'm afraid it's against the rules. Against the law."

"Nah. We don't follow no laws, not anymore, do we?" He asked his friends. They laughed, nodding along with him.

"That's a shame." I purred, "I like you, George, your accent and your pride." I scoffed, "Like a child, refusing to go to bed when told. It is amusing." I take off my gloves and unbutton my cloak. It dropped to the ground, their eyes following it. "I wish I did not have to kill you."

For a moment, he looked startled and glanced down at his companions. Then he laughed. I stopped smiling, "You? Alright, love, give it a go."

"I'm warning you, there will be a lot of screaming and a lot of pain."

"Have a go if you think your 'ard enough! Three against one."

"And yet...the odds are not in your favour..."

They crossed the space of the room in a blink. I took the head of the girl in less than.

I ducked under the brothers' arm, snapping it from his torso with a screech as I went. I dropped down low, narrowly missing the swipe of George's claws. His brother yelled, lashing out with his leg. I

darted left and rebounded, bringing his own arm around and into his face like a baseball bat. He flew backwards, crashing through the wall and sending plaster and stone everywhere. George grabbed me by the throat and hoisted me off the ground, blood stained his teeth and fury filled his eyes.

I lifted my legs up, wrapped them around his arm, and twisted, the crack echoed through the apartment and down the hall, followed by his screams. I dropped to the ground but only to gain my balance; before the crack had time to heal, I slammed my elbow into his mouth, breaking his jaw and then my fist into his eyes, temporarily blinding him.

"This didn't have to happen, George. If you had just followed the rules andâ€" "

His brother lunged at me through the hole in the wall, slamming me against the one opposite from it. His thumb pressed into my neck, digging in uncomfortably. "Hâ€" How, rude!" I choked. I brought my arm up and tore off his other arm, then slammed my forehead into his own. He fell backwards into George. "I was speaking!" His brother looked up in time to see my boot only briefly before it took off his head.

"Barney!" George bellowed.

"Barney? Can tell which one of the two of you was the mistake."

With that, I dug my fingers into the side of George's head and pulled. A metallic screech filled the air. I did warn him.

"Now..." I said as turned to the door, "Whose next?"

* * *

><p>That night we had a flight from Camden, to JFK Airport, Queens. There was around a six or seven hour time difference, and with the delays due to bad weather, we luckily arrived after sundown. This meant no underground car parks and blacked out apartment buildings. It meant freedom. Of course, when in the Big Apple, I shopped for a while before gearing up and tracking down the first of my two targets of New York. The first was in Manhattan, a religious man who had completely lost his faith (and his mind) upon being turned by his immortal mate. He had gone completely insane, begun to kill conspicuously and tried on many occasions to reveal his true nature to the humans during the light of day, trying to convince them that he was our Lord and Saviour reborn. I found him that night in a convent, surrounded by the bodies of bloodâ€" stained nuns he had slaughtered. He lay in a pool of their blood, praying to God. I told him my name, why I was there and why he had to die. He had not taken it so well. Therefore, with a swipe of my nails I took his head clean off, knocking over a candle stand as I did so and lighting the entire place on fire.<p>

Kai would not believe it when I planned to tell him I had killed Jesus.

The next was a young woman who had supposedly returned to her human life after forty of our years to turn her children, grandâ€" children and greatâ€" grand children. She was discovered by Sebastian's

consultants who immediately took out the immortal children she had created before word spread of bloodâ€" drinking toddlers. The woman, out of grief, had gone on a rampage and had managed to lose Sebastian's men. It did not take me long to locate her, hiding out in the remains of her old family home. She had begged with me and pleaded, stating she only intended on keeping those she loved alive by her side forever. I told her there were rules, rules she knowingly decided to break. Therefore, I broke through her skull.

I was grateful Sebastian's men had destroyed the immortal child before I arrived. I had no problem when it came to killing them, I had done it a few times since my turning, yet it was not something you ever got used to. It was different. When you killed another adult, you knew that they deserved it. You knew they made choices and decisions in both their human and immortal lives that lead to their death sentence. It was different with immortal children. They were just that, children. They had no morals; no understand of right and wrong. Their innocence had been ripped from them and forced into an eternal torture. Well â€" eternal until we arrived. I could tear heads from shoulders all day while thinking only of what book to read later that day yet when it came to ending the life of a child...

You get the point.

My next kill was in Toronto, Canada. From Brooklyn, the flight lasted only two hours so we arrived at almost four in the morning. It would not be long for the sun to rise and thankfully, it did not take me too long to find my target. A young woman whom had fallen in love with a human woman yet refused to change her. When confronted by the Volturi and told the human must be turned or destroyed, the immortal woman had killed the consultant. Killing a member of the Volturi was an act of treason and was therefore punishable by death. By me. When I found her, she was in a cemetery, sobbing over a headstone. From the looks of the fresh soil beneath her crumpled up form, the grave was fresh. It was not hard to realize what had happened. The girl sat up but did not turn to face me as I left the treeâ€" line and drifted down towards her. Instead, she stopped her tearâ€" less cries and held her head high.

"Do it." She whispered. I did not waste time on small talk with this one. I twisted her head until her scream was outmatched by the sound of screeching metal. I left her body in the woods by the cemetery, knowing Sebastian's men would burn her remains shortly. We were back in the sky and heading to Seattleâ€" Tacoma International Airport within the hour. Seattle was dreary, a storm had rolled in thankfully, leaving the sun hidden away behind black clouds and lightening flash in the distance, followed by the rumble of thunder. I was thankful the flight had been quick.

Sebastian followed me across the tarmac, briefcase in hand like usual. One of his subjugates walked by my side, my case in hand. "You have two Newborns to kill here." He blurted out.

"You've no need to remind me." I frowned; he knew I remembered perfectly well. Why remind someone with perfect memory?

"I know. Rumour has it these two Newborns were a part of a coven, a larger coven. I've people looking into this but as if this moment, we are unclear." I shrugged as if it was nothing though this was news to me. If it turned out I was not going against two Newborns but an

entire coven of them, I could not afford to be lenient. I found the two newborns; their names were Shelly and Steve. By the looks of their almost glowing eyes, they were fairly new; turned in the last year, definitely. They were frightened and timid, who wouldn't be if you saw an immensely beautiful woman emerge from the trees, wearing nothing but a large overâ€ sized cloak. Whose eyes glowed like brimstone and with a smile that could stop your heart. They'd tried to run, tried and failed and I'd killed them both. One of them, I hadn't seen which, had got a good grip on my arm and yanked until a crack appeared at my wrist. That had pissed me off. I smashed their heads together like a tired parent dealing with two annoying siblings, and then did it repeatedly and again until the remains of their heads were nothing but shards of broken marble in the rain.

That was it. Six out of seven gone, and a few added extras that got in the way. Better yet, all in less than a week. It was a shame, really, to be so close to the end of my trip. I had been enjoying myself, these past few days and although I missed home, missed Kai and hell, even missed Aro! A part of me wanted to stay. What had Sebastian said about my last kill, Victoria? That she was exceptional at evading death. Hmm. Maybe I wouldn't be on a jet home as soon as I thought.

As I returned to the hotel Sebastian and his men were staying in, I listened to the thunder drum on and on. This weather was perfect for us. Light enough to be classes as day but dark enough the humans could not tell us apart. The rain had made my clothes heavy and my hair curl on the edges, something I did not like. So I returned to my fourth hotel room of the week, showered lay in the soft covers of the bed until it was time. It was almost sunset, not that it would make much of a difference. The dark grey of the sky would simply get darker until nightfall.

When I glanced down at my cell and the numbers said **18:00 PM**. I decided it best to set off for the first kill of the week I was truly anticipating to be an interesting fight. I slid on my tight jeans, laced up my heeled combat boots, pulled on a black tank top with a sheer neckâ€ line, over the top I had sleek, leather, tight fit jacket and just for that added bit of spice. A pair of aviator frame sunglasses.

I heard footsteps outside my door. "Come in, Sebastian." I said as I ran my fingers through my now dry hair. It hung long, straight and flowing down my back. The colour of dark chocolate and as soft as a cloud would be. He walked in and closed the door silently behind him. He had changed too, wearing a shirt as white as his hair, ironed trousers and polished shoes. He was a handsome man; I'd never confess it but a while before I had met Kai, Sebastian and I would spend many nights together while on my adventures. Hours we would spend, entangled in one another's arms, until one day we just stopped. I think it was because he discovered he was gay. I had known it a long time before he had. These days he was mated to a vampire called Daris. A shame, he was good in bed.

"You are about to leave?" He stated the obvious, I rolled my eyes.

"Obviously."

"To Forks?" He asked.

"No Sebastian, I thought I'd look in the ice box down the hall first then try the broom closet. Yes, to Forks." What was with the questions?

"Be careful. If you don't catch a scent on the way, come back and try another day. Some of my sources tell me she may be dotting from Forks to Port Angeles to Oregon to right here in Seattle." Again, information they had withheld from me. I would have to have a word with Aro upon my return to Volterra. If he expects me to eliminate his threats, I need to know everything about them. Telling me this Victoria is in Forks when she may be in three other cities and towns is somewhat vital information.

"She'll be there. Let me just finish this and we can be on a flight back to Italy before the night is through." I left him in my room, knowing he would send for his people to pack away my things and prepare them for our journey home. As I stood in the brightly lit elevator, waiting to reach the lobby, I thought about Sebastian and what he said. "Be careful." He had never, not once, told me to be careful. Not even during my first mission away from home? Unusual.

I did not realize he was capable of such emotion.

I tried not to let it get to me, instead I headed towards the trees and set off running, leaving Seattle behind. It would take an hour or so to get to Forks on foot from here, plenty of time to accumulate a plan to take out a girl who couldn't be killed.

* * *

><p>The closer I neared to Forks, the more I thought of my final kill. Victoria. The photograph Sebastian had shown me on the jet from Pisa to London was still fresh in my mind. In it, she had been standing by the side of a road, with her head tilted back and the heavy downpour of rain-washing over her. She looked almost solemn. Her hair hung in wet curls and tangles half way down her spine, her dark clothing was heavy and clung to her slender frame, her sharp shoulder blades, like a child wearing their parent's clothes. Her eyes were open still, wide and spacious, decorated in dark make up much like my own. Her lips had been twisted into an unnerving smirk.<p>

Unlike the others I'd taken out, Sebastian had not filled me in on the reason behind her sentence? I had waited an explanation that never came, and when I asked all he said was "Victoria killed someone very close to Aro and word had spread she was planning on killing more." I didn't know the truth, or the details of the murder she had committed. I had to reprimand myself. It was not my place to ask questions.

Still, my curiosity had peaked with this one. With the vampire who had an obsession with the town of Forks, a town I was certain I did not know yet felt in some way, tethered to. _Who are you, Victoria?

—

Then, in an instant, the soothing peace of the forest was disturbed. Birds scattered, animals scurried away and the air shifted. I stopped, tucked my hair behind my ear and listened carefully...

I could hear something...a chorus of quiet but heavy thuds against the soil? A rhythm I could not recognize at first. It sounded like...like footsteps. Footsteps approaching fast, followed by...howling? What in the world? As it approached, I realized that whatever it was, it was a quadruped. A big one. Suddenly another howl filled the night sky, shortly followed by another and another...

A pack. By the sounds of the pairs of footsteps that echoed the first, there were several of them. An unfamiliar sensation took over, one I had not felt in a long time. Panic. I decided best not to wait and greet my pursuers, instead I threw my cloak over my shoulders, tied it and set off sprinting in the opposite direction with the beasts on my tail. I gave in to my instincts, giving them freedom to control my limbs at will. Without thinking about my movements or even the possibility of being taken down by the beasts, I tackled the incline of the mountain. My legs a blur of black against the dark emerald of the forest, almost dancing in a zigzag like pattern to distract the monsters. I slid beneath broken tree trunks and ducked through the narrow spaces in between.

They snapped at me, left and right, their fang tearing my cloak and closing in the space my ankles had been mere seconds before. Their growls echoed in my ears, bouncing around my skull like they bounced off the trees. I had to think! To formulate a plan to escape the beasts...while escaping them! I poured all of my strength into my legs, feeling my muscles working as I bounded through the forest, darting around trunks of trees and hoping over moss-covered boulders. As I ran, I allowed for my hearing to range outwards, to put aside the immaterial noises around me. The sound of my breathing, my footsteps, the ruffle of my cloak in the wind and the rush of air I left behind, the rhythmic thumps of the following beasts, the snarls escaping their fanged mouths and the rapid ceaseless beating of their hearts.

Instead, I listened to the wind. In the distance, I could hear it as it ghosted. The sounds it made as it swayed between the trees, between leaves and into the sky, carrying the scent of...of stone? This was followed shortly by the sound of water? It was only when I felt the shift in the air and the wind repel against me that I realized I was heading straight for the side of a cliff. Perfect.

I urged myself on, trying to keep a steady mind and wit. Just a little farther!

I kicked off from the boulder; using all the momentum, I could gather to launch myself off the ground, into the sky and away from the snarling beasts behind me. The world flashed by, a blur of green, grey and black. Before a second had passed, I hit the side of the mountain and dug my fingers into the rough stony surface like a child playing with Styrofoam. I positioned my body so my knees were bent, the soles of my feet against the rock and I began to scale the wall. It was only a matter of mere seconds before I reached up and rolled over the edge of the cliff's side and lay flat against the damp grass.

I could still hear the beasts incessant growling; I sprang up but only to my knees, lowering my back and angling myself into a crouch to get a better look at my furry pursuers. "It cannot be!" Wolves! They were wolves. For the first time in a long time, my eyes widened

and my mouth hung open in shock. These were no ordinary animals; they were the size of horses, though with a far greater body mass. There were eight of them in sight, all a variety of colours and sizes; browns and greys and black. One of them seemed to hold a reddish tint.

There was something not quite right about this pack, not with their incredible strength and inhuman speed.

Something not mortal...

I did not want to call them it, but what else to name them? They were werewolves. I'd heard of creatures such as these before. Aro had once sat me down and told me stories of the Children of the Moon, creatures similar to the traditional werewolves of myth; the kind that ran on their hind legs, had opposable thumbs and stood with an upright stance. The kind that transformed only in response to the cycle of the moon.

These were not these creatures, these were something else. There was intelligence to them. A knowing.

The leader of the pack " or ought I to say Alpha? " bared two rows of sharp, jagged canines my way. Tall, fur the colour of the shadows they lurked in. He jerked his muzzle left, then right, giving silent commands and then a few members of the pack took off running, taking an alternate route to find me.

I decided to leave my cloak a few miles east, along with my jacket so I ran only in my boots, jeans and " shirt. I knew there was a chance of them catching my scent before I could lose them but I had to try. It didn't take long for their collection of howls to hit me. They'd found my cloak and realized it had been a trick, a diversion.

By this point, I was too far gone to follow.

* * *

><p>As I wondered through the pitch of the forest, closer and closer to Victoria, I realized the werewolves had to be some kind of protectors of this little town. They knew what I was and where I was heading the moment, they caught my scent. They knew exactly how to corner me and they tried their hardest to catch me in the right spot, the spot to take me down. They were experienced when it came to killing immortals and this revelation was discomfoting.<p>

Of course, I'd lost them and managed to sneak on by their borders without them noticing, yet still it had been a narrow escape. It made me wonder if these Wolves knew the vampires I was here to track, Victoria and her companion, Riley. Did my targets have some kind of alliance with the werewolves of Forks for protection? There was a reason Victoria had been spotted by Sebastian's men, moving time and time again from Seattle to Forks. Was this reason tied in the wolves?

If so then why hadn't Sebastian warned me ahead of time? Why hadn't Aro if he had known about them? However, they knew. They had to know, how could they not?

It was aggravating me, this surprise. Too many questions! I hated not being in the knowing. I sat down on the fallen trunk of a tree and pulled out my cell, I scrolled through my contacts to find Aro. He was under ****BIG BAD BOSS #1**** a name that often made me chuckle. His caller I.D photo had been once I had taken of the two of us on my most recent of birthdays. He had outright, blatantly refused to take a " what the mortals these days called it?" Selfie.

The man could sit for hours on end while an artist painted his portrait but could not spare a single second to take a photograph? Oh no, Selfie's were beneath him. Eventually, he took one as long as I agreed to no funny faces or filters, and it had long since been my caller I.D photo. Unlike many immortals my age, I did not complain about the advancements of technology or media. In fact, things such as Selfies, iPod's and even Twitter were my guilty pleasures.

My thumb hovered over the glowing green telephone icon for a while as I contemplated whether or not this was a wise move. I did not want Aro to feel I was " not worried, per se " jut confused. I did not want him to doubt me. I locked my phone and slid it back into my jeans. If the wolves proved to be a problem further, I would simply have to take them out of the situation too.

I'd have to...put them down.

* * *

><p>FanWriter's Note:

****Hello everyone! Sorry for the late update, I'm having difficulty with my laptop at the moment so it may be hard to update on a regular basis. However, here is chapter three! I tried to fit a lot into this chapter, so it may seem a little rushed. Let me know what you think. Here, Isabella leaves Volterra and her home and travels the world killing Aro's enemies. We also learn who it is Isabella had to kill in Forks. Victoria. Let me know if this was who you expected and what you think will happen. Don't worry; we'll meet the Cullen's soon!****

* * *

><p>Responding to your reviews:

LG1998 Thank you for a lovely review! You are very on point with a lot of your theories! ;) ****

Anon: Thank you! She is very different from the Bella we know! I'm having fun changing her personality! She's much more sadistic and...Well, vampire in this story. As for the Kai and Isabella romance, there will be a lot more!****

SharkSaver23: 'Wow' short but sweet, thanks! ****

_ : Thank you! I'd love to hear cool stories Ideas you have!**_**

Guest: Um...alrighty then! Not quite how I see things, if I were a vampire I'd rather kill animals like the Cullen's. Sounds like you would rather kill humans. In some ways, I feel you. Each to their own. ****

****~FanWriter Asher~****

End
file.